

The Carpenters, On The Balcony Of The Casa Rosada

It won't be easy, you'll think it strange
When I try to explain how I feel
That I still need your love after all that I've done
You won't believe me
All you will see is a girl you once knew
Although she's dressed up to the nines
At sixes and sevens with you

I had to let it happen; I had to change
Couldn't stay all my life down at heel
Looking out of the window, staying out of the sun
So I chose freedom
Running around trying everything new
But nothing impressed me at all
I never expected it to

Don't cry for me, Argentina
The truth is I never left you
All through my wild days
My mad existence
I kept my promise

Don't keep your distance

And as for fortune, and as for fame
I never invited them in
Though it seemed to the world they were all I desired
They are illusions
They're not the solutions they promised to be
The answer was here all the time
I love you and hope you love me

Don't cry for me, Argentina

Don't cry for me, Argentina
The truth is I never left you
All through my wild days
My mad existence
I kept my promise
Don't keep your distance

Have I said too much? There's nothing more
I can think of to say to you
But all you have to do is look at me to know
That every word is true
He will bring us goodness and light'